PAUL FLANDERS
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CARMEL CYMBAL

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SAYS THE EDITOR

HAVE YOU A RADIO YOU MIGHT GIVE OR LEND TO SUNSHINE GIRL?

You remember Babe, the girl who is a terminal tubercular case and was brought up from the shadows of Rainbow canyon to the sunshine in Carmel? Well, Babe can't read much because her eyes are weak from her illness. She would like to have a small radio. It would enhance the joy she now gets in her comfortable resting place about 100 per cent.

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AN ANONYMOUS LETTER AND OUR WONDER ABOUT IT

We have received an anonymous letter which begins:

"For the few months I have lived in Carmel I have admired your courage . . ."

The letter thereupon goes on to make a lot of damaging remarks about a certain institution and a certain individual in Carmel, ostensibly quoted from others, but plainly the views of the letter-writer.

We are not concerned with the communication other than to wonder how this anonymous letter-writer recognizes courage when he (or she) sees it.

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THIS THEATER GROUP SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE IT IS GOING AND HOW FAR

When these folk who have gathered together to re-establish and perpetuate Carmel's reputation as an amateur play center get to work they don't mess around. They may be filled with the same old enthusiasm which has given impetus to such moves in the past, but they have added to this concrete and definite plans which mean not only that they will start things, but that they will continue them.

In a series of meetings that have somewhat resembled the California football team's methods of covering ground, they have come to the point where they are ready to go ahead and keep going.

Several features of the amateur theatrical plan about to be finally adopted by the group headed by Frank Townsend not only have all the aspects of a workable arrangement, but they are notable in that they give the present organization an entirely different face and character from those of theatrical schemes which have come and sadly gone in Carmel history. At last we have an organization which combines with sincerity and conscientious effort the sinews of practicability and business sense. It should get somewhere; it should continue getting somewhere.

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NATIVITY PLAY WILL BE GIVEN THIS YEAR AT SUNSET SCHOOL

We hasten to inform the parents and loving friends of the pupils of Sunset School that after all The Nativity will be produced as usual this year at the school. THE CYMBAL had no sooner made its weekly burst on a continually sardonic world last Friday than a conference was held at the school and plans quickly made for presentation of the Christmas stage pageant. We are pleased and we think that you will be pleased. We reiterate our conviction that it is a good thing for the children and a most satisfying and prideful thing for those who love them. Already the parts have

(Continued on Page Two)

THOBURN TO SEEK MONEY FOR STORM DRAIN

Permission to secure a right-of-way and the money to pay the city's share of the work will be asked of the city council by Councilman Jim Thoburn next month in the matter of the drainage conduit through the Elizabeth McClung White and so-called McKenzie properties at the foot of Fourth street at San Antonio, and to the beach.

The work will be done by the city street department, and Bill Askew and his able gang will manufacture the concrete conduit. The conduit will be buried in what is at present a deep ditch which has been cut by the storm waters running down the open drain on Fourth street from above Monte Verde.

The cost of the conduit, made by the city, is about $2 a foot. Half of this cost is to be met by the property owners.

According to Councilman Thoburn, the work on the White-McKenzie property, as well as that which is to be done at Second and Carpenter to relieve present flood conditions there will fit in with the comprehensive plan for a complete and permanent drainage system for the entire city, now being worked out by County Engineer Cozzens.

As far as general relief for flood victims in other parts of the city is concerned, Councilman Thoburn declares that nothing can be done before the winter which has one foot already on our doorstep. As far as the permanent plan is concerned, Thoburn says it will be several years before the city can acquire sufficient money to put it over. Whether this can be raised through the creation of an improvement district, or must be done by a bond issue, has not yet been determined.

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J. G. ANDERSON, WHO HAD GROCERY HERE, DIES IN PALO ALTO

J. G. Anderson, who conducted the grocery store which has now been Ewig's for five years, died suddenly two weeks ago in Palo Alto where he and Mrs. Anderson made their home. Fred McIndoe, who was an employe of Anderson's Grocery, and Mrs. McIndoe had visited the Andersons in Palo Alto the week before his death. They also attended the funeral services.

Anderson bought Edler's Grocery in Carmel in 1923 and conducted it until 1928 when he sold it to Ed Ewig. The Andersons went from here to Los Angeles and then to Santa Paula where they conducted a grocery for a short time. On selling the Santa Paula store Anderson retired and he and Mrs. Anderson went to Palo Alto to live.

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Emma Waldvogel is resting comfortably at the Community Hospital where the doctor ordered her to take the weight off a strained ligament. Miss Waldvogel returned from New York and a summer spent in Europe three weeks ago.

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Jean Aiken's mother is up from Santa Monica to spend the holidays in Carmel.

NATIVITY THIS YEAR TO HAVE NEW SONGS; CHORUSES

Lovelier than ever it is promised will be The Nativity this year at Sunset School.

Miss Madeleine Currey, instructor in music, who has been principally responsible in the past for the Christmas stage pageant, has this year made a complete change in the music and has selected some of the most beautiful carols and chorales of olden times to be sung by the children.

Beginning with the resumption of school Monday, Miss Currey will gather her young soloists and members of the choruses together and start them on their labors of making themselves perfect in their contribution to the annual play at the school.

The dialogue has been changed in some instances for this year's presentation and it is expected that the result will mean the best Nativity the Sunset pupils have ever given.

Those who are to take the principal roles in the Christ play have not yet all been selected. Announcement of the "cast" will probably be made next week.

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Fred and Helen Burt Clean Up At Keeno

This is too much and we want to know how come the Burts, Fred and Helen, are so lucky. At the Keeno party at the Mission Ranch Club last Monday night even David Eldridge, the new manager, got embarrassed. First a 10-pound turkey went to Fred, then four broilers to Helen and then, to top it off, a stack of groceries to Helen again. The Sidney Clarks and the Carl von Saltzas didn't do so badly either. Clark won a turkey and Mrs. Clark got a duck. Von Saltza won a duck and a plum pudding and some groceries. Another double scoring was made by the Carl Rasmussens, Carl winning a 10-pound ham and Mrs. Carl getting the bacon in the form of groceries. Other winners at the party, which provided entertainment for a large gathering at the Club, were Ivy Van Cott, a turkey, and Mrs. George Hopps, Adrienne Lillico, Mrs. Virginia Carr, Mrs. Ray Brownell, Mrs. Lillian Baker, Gwen Campbell and Mrs. Corum Jackson, groceries.

Pumpkin pie and coffee were served to the crowd which didn't leave till around midnight. Eldridge received many requests for another Keeno party and plans to have one in the near future. In the meantime the Bridge tournaments start Monday, November 29 with Duplicate on Monday nights and Rubber on Thursday nights. These are open to the public, club membership not being necessary.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Black ("Ellio" Bosworth) and young Erin Abigail Black are staying at the Neil Bosworth home in Carmel and will be part of a fine family reunion over Thanksgiving.

WARNING

Guy Curtis issues a warning to everybody to keep their dogs in, and if any dog seems sick or shows any unusual condition their owners please to phone Monterey 3175, 3333 or 7047. The driver for the Humane Society saw a dog showing early symptoms of rabies on Del Monte avenue a few days ago and picked him up. Two days later he died and the head was sent to Berkeley for analysis and the report came back positive. Without any doubt, the dog had rabies.

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Traffic Buttons Snaked Out By Their Roots

Up come those obnoxious traffic buttons.

On order of Councilman Jim Thoburn the street department went to work on them Wednesday and by the time these words are passing before your very eyes they will be no more. No, not anywhere in town.

Out they come in front of the place where, sometimes, you get your mail; in front of the city park; at Seventh and San Carlos; at Dolores and Ocean . . .

And what do you think did it?

The protest of motoring citizens who were forced onto them by passing traffic? No. What did it was the fact that several cars lately have had their innards torn out of them by striking the buttons. Especially is the Cord car so low-hung that to straddle one of those buttons meant something unpleasant to it.

So, says Councilman Thoburn, out they go and, say the citizens, good riddance.

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Legion Women Giving Benefit Party No. 30

Carmel Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary is giving a benefit card party at the Legion Hall this Tuesday evening, November 30, to raise money for the Child Welfare and Rehabilitation funds of the Legion. Fifty cents admission not only entitles you to a good evening of cards and refreshments but also a chance to aid a worthy cause. Legion posts and auxiliaries throughout the state aid in the care of disabled veterans and needy children in various homes and hospitals in California. The Veterans' hospital in Palo Alto is best known and others are at Fort Miley, Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, Veterans' Home in Napa county and the administration facilities at Livermore and in the San Fernando valley.

Arrangements for the card party are in the hands of Mrs. Jack Schroeder, Mrs. Pat Hudgins and Mrs. Robert Stanton. Mrs. Lee Gottfried and Mrs. M. J. Peterson are in charge of refreshments.

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A linoleum block Christmas card, by BEN SCHAFER, will go this year to the delighted recipient of your Gift Subscription of THE CYMBAL for 1938. ONE DOLLAR anywhere in these United States or its far-flung empire. Two dollars to any distant land.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS DENY IRREGULARITIES IN HUMANE SOCIETY

Directors and officers of the Monterey Peninsula Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, otherwise known as the Humane Society, refuse to get excited about the charges made against the society's conduct of affairs by Mrs. Millicent Sears, one of the directors, and until recently secretary of the organization.

In THE CYMBAL last week, as well as in other newspapers on the Peninsula, Mrs. Sears addressed a letter to her friends giving her reasons for retiring as chairman of the membership committee of the society. In this communication she severely criticized the manner in which the society's affairs were being conducted, principally in the matter of parliamentary procedure, and declared that financial reports had not been made according to the provisions of the by-laws.

This statement brought from a Carmel member of the board of directors the following statement made to THE CYMBAL this week:

"If Mrs. Sears is implying that there is irregularity in the handling of Humane Society funds she had better be sure of her ground. No money, except for petty expenditure, is paid out of the society funds without the authority of the directors and all bills must pass through the hands of the finance committee which consists of B. J. Pardee, city manager of Monterey and president of the Humane Society, and Guy S. Curtis, vice-president of the society."

As for Mrs. Sears' implied charges that Curtis, as superintendent of the Animal Shelter, is running things with a high hand and without proper supervision by the directors, Curtis declares he has nothing to say. He invites, however, an investigation of the Animal Shelter and the manner in which it is being operated.

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LAST RAIN STORM NOT MUCH, BUT WE ARE AHEAD FOR SEASON

Rain? Yes. The total was .20 of an inch for the precipitation starting Tuesday morning and ending some vague time in the afternoon. The total to date for the season is 2.26 inches. Last year to date the total was 1.52 and last winter was considered quite wet. Dr. D. T. MacDougal, who gives us the figures from his Carnegie Coastal Laboratory, doesn't promise to keep up the good work, however. Even a scientist of his calibre has his limitations.

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Rex and Dorothy Flaherty will be grabbing for the wishbone at Rio Del Mar today at Dorothy's parents' place there. Dorothy is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Mark Rifenbark of San Jose.

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Dr. Jenner P. Chance was host to an old friend from Washington, Roy Mulford, during the early part of the week.

been given to the cast by Miss Madeleine Currey, who directs the play, and the obnoxious young individual who eats his hot oatmeal every morning in THE CYMBAL editor's home, has his. He's going to be good no matter how many trips to the woodshed are required in the process of making him so.

We have a mind to go on about this. It points a point, or lessons a lesson, or something. We are struck by the potency of our own editorial comments. It isn't often—in fact, we don't think it has ever occurred before—that an editor is influenced to a better life through reading his own editorials, reading them, mind you, while he writes them. We have decided that we will not use corporal punishment in endeavoring to make our young man letter-perfect in his Nativity part. As we wrote the woodshed line, there flashed before us the meaning of Christianity, the beginning of which is pictured in song and story in this play by the children of Sunset School. Can we, we asked ourselves, pursue a course which will place our little boy in a position on that stage whereby he represents the very antipathy of the tenets of Christian living? Can we do that which will arouse in your minds as you look up at that sweet, cherubic (may we be forgiven that one) face, the picture of streaming tears as we administer the rawhide out in our woodshed? We cannot, we will not do it. He shall learn his lines at his mother's knee, her gentle hand stroking his sun-bleached locks while we will shut ourselves in the cellar and try to curb our murderous inclinations as he stumbles and stutters over the beautiful lines. No matter how terribly he may do his part, he shall stand there with no terrifying memories of our brutal hand, he shall—.

Dick Johnson is going to humiliate us right in a crowd on Ocean avenue for this one. Dick may be a carpenter, but if he was ever soft-voiced and gentle it was in a previous incarnation.

Which brings us rather abruptly to what we started to say several useless paragraphs back—that we think this year that maybe the school people ought to consider giving everybody a chance to see and hear The Nativity. Last year many of those who wanted to see and hear it couldn't get into the Sunset Auditorium. Couldn't it be given twice this year—say Thursday afternoon as well as Thursday night, or Thursday night and Friday night, too?

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SCHOOL "STOP" SIGNS GO UP FINALLY, BUT—

Somebody came into THE CYMBAL office the other day and subscribed for the paper and said: "I didn't like THE CYMBAL at first; I didn't like your flippant attitude toward serious things. But now—" Then she paid the dollar for a year.

Here's where we will probably lose the dollar.

We intend to be flippant with the city council, of all persons and organizations.

It's about the "Stop" signs on San Carlos street at Sunset School. The council voted about two months ago to install them. Then Councilman Rowntree complained to Councilman Thoburn as one insurance agent to another, that it wouldn't be fair to insurance agents to let the AAA put its name on the signs even though the city could get them cheaper by reason of such advertising. You see, the AAA sells automobile insurance, in competition with Carmel insurance brokers. So Thoburn considered Rowntree's plaint and the "Stop" sign business was held up while the children skipped to and from school.

But now we have them—they're up—they're in place. They are not AAA signs, but just signs, with night reflectors according to the law, and they look too beautiful for words.

The flippant side of this is that the city got them up so properly on Monday of this week.

There are two on San Carlos at Eighth, facing each way; there are two at San Carlos and Tenth, ditto, and there is one on Ninth as you approach San Carlos.

They were erected this last Monday so cleverly at the beginning of a week when there is no school. For eight weeks the children have been dodging automobiles, presumably, on their way to and from school, Now, with no children to do any dodging for seven days, up go the "Stop" signs. Clever, eh?

But skip that. Let us make a serious remark about those signs.

While they have been of no use this week there will also be many periods in the future when they will be of no use. They are no use, say, on Saturdays and Sundays, unless it be for a period on Saturday when children use the playground at Sunset. They will be of no use at any vacation period. Certainly they will be of no use next summer.

An automobile driver this past week, approaching Tenth street and the "Stop" sign must think the city has gone plumb crazy. On one side of him he sees Tenth almost impassable, and on the other he sees it a dirt road that would be used only by someone who had to use it to get some place in the block between San Carlos and Dolores.

Then, another thing, if there are to be stops at Eighth street, there should be one on Eighth itself, just at the point of meeting San Carlos from the west.

THE CYMBAL has harped long and hard on protection of the school children and we welcome the "Stop" signs as a step ahead toward that protection, but we do feel that traffic should not be brought to a standstill at Tenth street when children are no more inclined to be on San Carlos street than on any other street in the city.

Couldn't covers be made for the tops of the posts, to be slipped on for holidays, week-ends and vacation periods, or are we silly?

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CARMEL "FLOOD VICTIMS" WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT ANOTHER YEAR

"Flood victims" last winter in Carmel have been served notice by Councilman Jim Thoburn, commissioner of streets, that they can expect no definite or permanent relief this winter. It is too late in the season to do anything about flood control in the city, Thoburn says.

The councilman undoubtedly states a fact. A proper drainage system for Carmel is not something you can plan, perfect and create over night. It requires considerable study, tireless planning and a whole lot of actual work.

So far the city has given it considerable study, muddled around a bit with planning, but has not even turned an eyelash as far as anything definite or permanent in the way of a solution of the problem is concerned.

It should be said for Thoburn that last Spring he made an effort. You can't expect a real estate broker, no matter how good he may be in his own line of work,to devise and create a drainage system. The best he can do is put the problem up to an engineer. The city council couldn't give Thoburn any money to employ a special engineer for the purpose, and, having employed him, keep knocking on his door until something happens. The best Thoburn could do was to place the matter before Howard Cozzens, county engineer, who is supposed also to be our consulting city engineer. What the councilman got out of that, stretched thick over a long period, was absolutely nothing at all.

Every once in a while, with the stars silently blossoming one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven and no possible precipitation in anything like an offing, somebody would inquire of Thoburn across the council table if he had any report from Cozzens about the drainage plan. Thoburn would look up, and with a Thoburn sigh, reply: "Haven't heard a word from him." This went on from March to April, from April to May, to June, to July, until just around the time when we were celebrating the historical fact that a bunch of our forefathers had taken a bit in their teeth and signed the Declaration of Independence, the subject went into the "unmentionable" category and no voice was raised in query or lament.

Now begin again to come the laments—from far-flung districts of the body civic, property owners here and property owners there. The rain of two weeks ago started the plaints. The rain this week will augment them.

Thoburn's answer is: "Sorry, can't do anything for you this winter; it's raining."

And, of course, he's right.

But far back in our undeveloped mind hatches the thought that one of these days a group of property owners in this here town is going to get itself together, plunk a retaining fee down on some ambitious lawyer's desk and slap a handful of suits against the city in a manner that can possibly be termed resounding.

We think, and may Allah forgive us for it, that unless the legislature of the city of Carmel definitely and determinedly gets itself down to the task of solving this drainage question this next early Spring, the thing is going to cost the city a lot more money than what a decent drainage system would set it back.

—W. K. B.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETING POSTPONED

The meeting of the Carmel Missionary Society, scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, was called off on account of rain and will be held next Tuesday, November 30, at 2:30 at the Community Church. Speakers for the afternoon will be Mrs. E. F. Smith, Mrs. D. E. Nixon and Mrs. Willis White. The topics will come under the general heading of America's Rural Life and Needs. Tea will be served and there will be a sale of fancy work and cooked foods for the benefit of needy children in the rural sections of Kentucky and Tennessee.

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Noted Britisher Will Be Forum Speaker Here

The Carmel Forum announces the signing of contracts for two outstanding personalities for its coming meetings of December 9 and January 13. On these respective dates the forum will present George Slocombe, noted British correspondent, and Nicholas Roosevelt, author and diplomat.

At 8 p.m., Thursday, December 9, Slocombe, who is on his second American tour, will address the Forum on the subject, "Can America Keep Out of War?—Some of the difficulties and illusions of neutrality as they appear to a British Correspondent."

In the course of a career as special correspondent in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, Slocombe has interviewed dictators, premiers, and presidents. He met Gandhi in an Indian jail and obtained his signature to peace terms in the great Nationalist uprising in India in 1930. He knew Mussolini before he became dictator of Italy and Hitler before he became Fuehrer of Germany. He has interviewed, in addition, Zagloul Pasha, the Nationalist dictator of Egypt; President Calles of Mexico; the late President Coolidge; Lloyd George; the late Sir Austen Chamberlain; the late Ramsay MacDonald; President Benes of Czecho-Slovakia; the murdered dictator Dollfuss; Maxim Litvinoff; Pilsudski; Stresemann; Schacht; Lord Snowden, and a host of other celebrities.

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John Roberts is spending Thanksgiving in Carmel with his mother, Mrs. Elmina Roberts. John has been studying modern dancing with Ann Mundstock in San Francisco.

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Tuberculosis undiscovered endangers you. No home is safe until all are safe. Christmas Seals finance community programs to discover hidden cases of tuberculosis spreading infection.

Art Association Tickets Are Going Fast

Tickets for the Carmel Art Association Building Fund are going fast. Five dollars entitles you to a chance on any one of seven paintings and etchings contributed by William Ritschel, John O'Shea, Paul Dougherty, Armin Hansen and Paul Whitman and also associate membership in the Association.

The money raised from this drive (there are only 200 tickets being sold) will be added to the $200 contributed by C. Chapel Judson and Frederick Burt to build the new student addition to the present Gallery. Tickets may be bought from any member of the board of trustees or at the gallery from Janie Otto, curator. The pictures are on display at the gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth every afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock. The drawing will be December 21.

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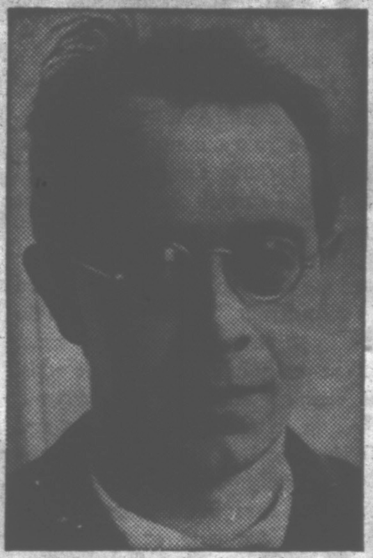
Rudolph Serkin, Famed Pianist, Opens Winter Season of Music Society In Sunset Auditorium December 4



Rudolph Serkin

"His first appearance was a smackeroo of a success, and nobody seemed more pleased than Mr. Toscanini," wrote Robert A. Simon in *The New Yorker* on the occasion of Rudolph Serkin's American debut as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra three years ago.

The previous year, Serkin appeared in the United States for the first time at the Coolidge Festival in Washington. But on this occasion he confined himself to chamber music with Adolph Busch, with whom he had concertized extensively in Europe.

As a child, Serkin early showed his remarkable musical gifts. At four, he was reading music with facility and giving a creditable performance on the family piano. But although his family was in desperate need of funds, they persistently refused to exploit their talented son. Instead they sent him to Vienna, where he was placed under the tutelage of Professor Richard Robert and the great modernist, Arnold Schoenberg, with whom he rounded out his technical knowledge of music by studying composition.

By the time he had reached maturity, Rudolph Serkin was ready to take his place in the concert world, not as a child phenomenon, but as a fully developed artist. His subsequent tours through France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Austria, and later in the United States have placed him in the top rank of contemporary pianists.

Serkin appears here at Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening, December 4, opening the eleventh annual winter series of the Carmel Music Society, which is also sponsoring concerts by Nathan Milstein, Shan Kar and the Budapest String Quartet.

Art Appreciation Lectures Begin Here Monday

The first of a course of six lectures and exhibits will be given at Sunset School in the sixth-grade classroom on Monday evening. This course is given as part of the evening school program of Monterey Evening High School, L. H. Wormley, principal. It is made possible through the Carnegie Adult Education Program in Art Appreciation which has recently made a grant to the San Francisco Art Museum to further its art appreciation courses.

The lectures will be given by R. J. Gale, who is sponsoring the course in Carmel. Each lecture will be accompanied by some 20 reproductions of great paintings illustrating the lecture. "The Language of Art," the first of the lectures, for example, will accompany a showing of the works of Van Gogh, Matisse, Botticelli, Vermeer, Doumier and Franz Marc.

Unlike many lectures and exhibits, which are planned primarily for artists, this lecture and the ones following it are for the general public. Through them it is hoped that those who desire to learn more about art and the appreciation of it from the layman's point of view, will be reached.

The exhibit will be open on Monday evening from 7:15 to 9:15. The lecture will start at 7:30. There is no charge.

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DELIGHTFULLY PERSONAL is a Christmas gift of printed stationery. We have cabinets of beautiful Laid Paper with sheets and envelopes. CARMEL PRESS, Seventh and San Carlos. Telephone 77 for suggestions.

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CARMEL CAPERS

No, this isn't Libby. That is, we aren't Libby. But we have something from her. It's a telegram. It reads funny to us. As we get it from the W.U. it reads like this:

W. K. BASSETT, CARMEL, CAL.

SO SORRY CANNOT WRITE COLUMN THIS WEEK LETTER FOLLOWS LOVE.

LIBBY

It's the "letter follows love" that gets us. Knowing Libby we wonder whose love or what love or where. Libby's at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco and at the Mark Hopkins Hotel anything might happen. Or has she sent us love and letter is following it? Or are we just to understand that Libby's letters always follow love? Somebody just suggested that maybe Libby's sending us love. We'd love to believe that, but modesty prevents.

This is principally to inform you that there is no "Carmel Capers" column this week.

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HARVEY TAYLOR, INTERIOR DECORATOR, IN CARMEL FOR THANKSGIVING

Harvey Taylor, interior decorator for John Breuner Co. of San Francisco, is stopping at Forest Lodge. One of his associates in San Francisco, Frederick Salon, also a decorator, was here last week-end. Taylor, who is co-author with Carl Van Doren of a biography of Sinclair Lewis and has several books to his credit, has made up a table of friends for the Thanksgiving Day feast. The group will include Harry Goff, music student; Durham Coffman of U.C.; Deloman Brendt, concert singer, and Albert Wheeler, all of San Francisco. Taylor is now writing a book on Jack London.

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Joe Schoeninger will be home for Thanksgiving week-end with the family, minus his sister, Gretchen, who is rapidly becoming integrated at the New Bauhaus in Chicago.

This "49er" Thing Appears to Be Big Laugh of Season—and the Olio—

We got started laughing when Spud Grey, looking for all the world like the *Mad Hatter*, stepped out on the stage of the First Theater at the opening of "The 49ers" Wednesday night to welcome the audience. We have gone through that peanut song routine every night since Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous started putting on plays in the old adobe building, and Bob Bratt singing under a barrage of nuts still has us hanging on to the back of the benches in uproarious glee. But when the curtain rose on the first act of this new-old melodrama, and that tall, long-legged Dan James as *Hawley Briggs*, the miner, fugitive-from-an-old-crime hero, stepped out and spoke his first heroic piece, we were lost. We bewailed the fact that we had eaten so much dinner because the laughing was already beginning to make us hurt. And it didn't stop all through the five acts of the play and the Olio afterward.

To Flavia "Sunlight" Flavin, we tender roses (only because *Margaret Gath*, her part in the play would look silly with an orchid) for a fine piece of acting as the victim of a "fancied love" who finally gets around to noticing that the six foot four inch hero (how she could miss him we don't know) has been casting frantic cow-eyes in her direction.

We didn't know that Billy Shepard could look so angelic as *Parson Gath* or that Ross Miller could do a buck and wing, or Rosalie James pipe such a tuneful harmonica. Ross Miller, by the way, does a mighty neat job of rubbing out the "stain" in the life of *Kate Delmayne*, played by Thelma. The two villains, *Gaspard* and *Craven*, the brothers *Leroy*, were played by Harry Hedger and Lloyd Weer. We're getting so we duck behind corners whenever this Weer person comes around. He has us shivering in our boots even if they did hang him in the last act.

Of course we could go on and on with this if you want to sit down and listen for a whole evening but seeing is believing so you might as well make up your mind to reserve a row of seats for the family for Friday, Saturday or (and) Sunday nights. Don't tell us you have never seen the Hangtown Boys and Girls or heard "The Bushes in the Bottom of the Garden" and "How Little Nell Founded Los Angeles" (by Jerry Chance, again slouched over the piano for the sing fest). We have it from her mother, Connie, that Cornelia Bell, who plays the spoiled child, *Jessie*, in the play, isn't like that at home and what a pleasure to see Betty Bryant on that stage, Irishing again. —V. C. S.

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Young Peter Rooke-Ley had a birthday party Wednesday celebrating the fact that he has seen three whole years of life on this planet. It was at John and Mitzi's Marionette studio on Mountain View avenue and his guests were his classmates at Forest Hill School. Linda Rooke-Ley of Macbeth's, who is young Peter's mother, says the party was "too funy for words." It probably wasn't a bit funny, but a very dignified function such as a gentleman of three would give on the occasion of a birthday anniversary.

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An Interior

by PETER ROOKE-LEY of

Macbeth's

A corner of the living room of a modern home in Tucson, Arizona . . . The draperies are white velvet with a hand-blocked design of a papaia plant in deep wine and brown . . . The wine color is repeated in the chair upholstery and the brown in the carpet and one wall (seen through mirror at extreme left-background) . . . The white sliding doors between the books go back behind the bookcase to reveal a fireplace . . . Above these doors and the books is a mirror which in the picture reveals the further corner of the room . . . The room is lighted indirectly in two pilasters (one seen in the mirror) and in cornices above the windows

The *Carmel* Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly *net paid* circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL for the past six months:

May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717
October	730

The October average weekly net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *of 539 in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.*

Christmas Songs On Janson KDON Program

Borghild Janson's third Fireside Recital will take place next Thursday, December 2, over KDON at 9:15, as usual. The program will consist solely of Christmas songs beginning with the 6th century.

Edith Anderson, Lily Walker, Annabelle Powell, Nancy Gross, Irene Kitchen, Ann Leffingwell, Ellen von Kleinschmidt, Andrew Sessink and W. B. Williams will take part in the program. May Williams, besides singing in the chorus, will be at the piano.

The program includes: "Silent Night," theme song, Chorus; "The Friendly Beasts," Old English 11th century, Edith Anderson; "Sleep, Little Dove," Alsatian Noel 10th-11th century, Lily Walker, solo and chorus; "Come All Ye Shepherds," Old Bohemian Noel from the 6th century and "I Saw Three Ships," Old English 15th century, W. B. Williams; A German Cradle Song from the 14th century, chorus; "Jesu and Maria," Old German 1650, Annabelle Powell; "Here a Torch," French Provencal Noel, date uncertain, Edith Anderson, Annabelle Powell, chorus; Coventry Carol—Old English 12th century, Nancy Gross; "From Heaven I Was Sent to Earth," Old German 15th century, chorus; "On the Mountain," Old German Christmas Song from Schlesian, Edith Anderson, Lily Walker, W. B. Williams; "The Sleep of the Child Jesus." Old French Noel, Lily Walker, chorus; "Silent Night," chorus.

I RETIRE—AND LOSE MY VOICE

I once lived as a man. I was awakened in the morning by a butler who brought me a glass of orange juice. This was according to my order and my wife saw that the order was executed, since it was my wish. While my breakfast was being served, I scanned the morning paper without criticism or interruption. As I drank my last cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette, my wife saw to it that my car was taken from the garage and driven to the front of my residence for my convenience.

At my office, my secretary greeted me with respect and admiration. She put the final touch of orderliness to my desk, cleaned my pens and arranged my papers and correspondence in the order of their importance, so as to save time. During the day she was constantly alert to further my convenience and comfort. Each evening when I arrived at home, it was an occasion of some importance. Household activity was arranged to my liking. It was my home, it was my family—my personal wishes and desires came first. Everything was done to stress my importance, to build up my ego; and it was well that it was so, since this sense of importance, this ego, gave me the courage and confidence needed to succeed in a man's world.

One summer when I had too many important things to do to take an extended vacation, I sent my family to Carmel-by-the-Sea, a delightful little village with a beautiful beach where a few artists and writers, and many who try to be, enjoy life.

I remained in San Francisco with Wong, our Chinese cook. Wong liked me and was servile and I liked that. Week-ends I drove to Carmel and my family always welcomed me with an eagerness to satisfy my wishes. Those days of my visits were my days. I was treated like a returning hero. I could loll on the beach, or play golf, or ride, or play tennis, or go fishing; I could do whatever I pleased and my family regulated its affairs to accommodate my desires. I was important and I could enjoy life. Those week-ends were grand.

I liked them so much that I fell easily into the suggestion that it was foolish to work so hard. We could live in Carmel on a great deal less than was needed in the city, and get a good deal more out of life.

I retired and we moved to Carmel.

At first, I found pleasure in new things. It was sport to prepare breakfast—something like camping. And it was different and amusing to take the children to school, to do the day's shopping, help clean the house, work in the garden, run errands, call for the children, drive some nice old ladies to Monterey (four miles distant) and be kept busy all day doing things which didn't require any particular amount of thinking.

This continued for about a year before I suddenly realized that I was no longer the head of my house. Things were no longer arranged to suit my convenience and liking. My days were no longer my own. I was becoming a *man about the house,* to be on call at all times to carry out my family's demands. This attenuating process crept up upon me until—well—now, if I start out of the house in the morning for a quiet cup of coffee and a look at the morning paper, my wife will say, "Where are you going, dear?"

"Oh, just up town. I want to see someone," I reply. I don't dare tell her that I am on my way for a cup of coffee, a look at the morning paper and a little "firehouse" conversation. We have a paper and coffee at home.

"Would you mind taking this to Mrs. Battle?" she will ask.

"No-oo," I reply as I edge toward the door.

"And call for my gown and take these books back to the library," she continues, thinking fast and talking rapidly.

I know what is coming. I become fraught with anxiety and move surreptitiously toward the door. Just as I get my hand on the knob she says, "And we need some bacon."

Bacon, canned milk, anything that will keep, she uses with regularity as a check-rein on my departure.

Then she will add quickly, "Wait a minute! I have a list of things we need. I'll get it—" and she disappears into the kitchen.

I can't run out while she is getting the list, so I lose ground and sit down and wait, biting my pipe and growling to myself while my wife discusses our household needs with the maid. There is no need to hurry or think fast now. My escape has been deliberately checked. So she gives the maid her instructions for the day.

I continue to wait. I haven't anything important to do and she knows it and that makes me angry. Finally, after what seems like an interminable period of delay, my impatience rises to the boiling point and I stride into the kitchen.

"Oh, excuse me, dear," she says sweetly. "Here is the list, and would you mind stopping at the school and leaving a message for Johnny to go to the dentist?"

I mumble, "All right," and start for the door again.

This time she has me by the arm. "It's such a lovely day—isn't it?" She says, "Susie wants to go to the beach. Why don't you hurry back and go with her? She likes it so much when you do."

I begin to get desperate. I know that if I don't hurry I will drink my coffee alone—and I don't want the coffee, I want the companionship of the other "retired" men with whom I can discuss my grievances. "Why don't *you* take her?" I reply.

"All right, I will!" she snaps back. "I should think you would like to be with her some of the time. She's so cute."

Then I feel like a rat "Okey," I agree and I open the door and start down the path.

"Don't let her stay in the water too long and when you come back I do think you should weed that front garden. I don't see how you can look at those weeds every day and not do something about it," she calls out rapidly.

I quicken my pace to get to the garage so as to be beyond ear-shot. As I open the garage doors I hear "Chic! Chic!" My name used to be Charles J. Now it's just "Chic." "Oh, Chic!" my wife shouts at me.

My hearing is good and she knows it. I once boasted about it, and that was a terrible mistake.

"Now, what the hell," I mutter. "Ye-es!" I call back.

"Wait just a minute, dear," she calls. "I think I'll go with you."

Ugh! I run up the white flag at this point and re-enter the house.

"I want to call on Mrs. Gotlip and my car is so dirty I am ashamed to go out in it," she explains. "I do wish you would wash it some time. I'll be ready in a minute," she adds.

Then she enters her bedroom and I sit down again and feel limp and lackadaisical. While she is dressing, she talks "at" me. I can't hear what she is saying, but she talks to keep me company or to get my mind off of myself, or just to talk.

I sit and grumble.

One day, while sitting and muttering to myself, I decided that what I needed was a job. Any kind of a job. I thought over the stores and shops on Ocean avenue, the main business street in the village, where I might work. "Surely," I thought, "I can find something that will keep me busy eight hours out of the day, so that I will not become satiated with *feminine charm.*

"Let me see—starting at the end of the street on the north side. No-o, the meat market won't do. The husband is only the clerk there. His wife runs the business. The Dime and Dollar store? That's a husband and wife combination. The cleaners? Ditto. The hardware store? Ditto. The drug store? The wife is the pharmacist. The sweater shop? The wife runs that, too. The real estate office? All women. The corner store? Owned by a woman.

"The electrical shop? The husband is just the bookkeeper there. The wife takes care of the trade. The candy shop? No husband at all. Beauty parlor? Out. Another real estate office? All women. Restaurant? There is one man, the husband, who makes only an occasional appearance.

"Across the street. The restaurant? Run by a woman. Ah, the bar, that's the place. No-o, the wife runs the eating place above it. Ugh, all the rest of that block, female.

"The next block? All but one place, female. The next block? Cheers, there is a man alone. The bootblack—"

"Chic!" my wife called, interrupting my survey of Carmel's business opportunities for a man. "Did you hear what I was saying?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, and my voice was an octave higher.

—OB VIOUSLY ANON

+ + +

Tuberculosis can go unrecognized, unknown to the person who has it, spreading to those who are well. Christmas Seals pay for examinations to discover unknown cases and bring them to treatment.

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THIS THING AND THAT

ON RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL

While living in the gigantic agglomeration of sounds and building material called New York, we used not infrequently to usher ourselves into a huge public hall which might readily have housed a symphony concert but which was in fact the waiting room of the Grand Central station.

We could approach from the inner arena, roofed over at a staggering height by blue ceiling and synthetic stars and filled with the handsome urgency of hurrying redcaps, eager-faced arrivers and leavers, shiny-labeled hand-luggage, clean-groomed males exuding importance, and little boys and girls dragged half off their feet by brisk-walking parents.

Or we might use the more plebeian entrance from 42nd street which gave first upon a one-arm white lunch establishment (coffee, 5¢—save your other nickel).

In either case the result was the same: we sat down upon a bench in the waiting room where were some hundreds of other sitters, and lost ourselves in grateful anonymity.

It was a secret we had with ourselves, hiding this way in plain sight.

Everyone looked at everyone else. But I fancied that the looking was detached, essentially indifferent. These are people, I said to myself, who are about to take a train. They are going to Madagascar or Hartford, Connecticut. They don't care at all who I am or why I am here. If I should get up at this moment and dance a hula, or hang myself by the neck until dead, I think they would be less interested than in the story of my deed in the evening papers. Because, of course, *they* are all going off on trains.

I was by no means going off in a train. I thought this was very funny. *I* was just sitting there, drawing in refreshment from being no place at all where anyone could possibly suspect me of being, much less look for and find me. In some obscure way, this was a first-class joke on the other people in the Grand Central salon and on all my friends and relatives.

Imagine the shock, then, to have mv friend the lady psychiatrist let the following cat out of the bag: "All those people in Grand Central station," she said— "You know, most of those long-sitters aren't going any place at all. The non-assimilable element, you understand. Persons who have failed to make an adequate adjustment. They are the ones who chronically have nothing to do. They have to escape from themselves."

That crack about non-assimilables wasn't so good. But escape? Of course it was escape. Why not?

SANCTUARY

To sit in Grand Central Station
Is a fitting occupation
For the tired and the harried
And the too-completely married.
For a station's neither here nor there—
Rightly speaking, it's not *anywhere*.
Not your wife or your chauffeur
Will guess where to go for
A station is a place of transit
To all points West and Narragansett.
Things come in and things go out;
They rarely ever stick about.
Relatives are never smart—
Got affection but got no art;
If you sit in the center of the town and hide,
They'll holler! He's killed! He's a suicide!
They'll page the morgue and probe the subway—
Hunt for you in a stupid dub-way.
All your cousins will make frightful fusses
Dragging the decks of Fifth Avenue buses.
Oh, Mr. Ditmars, what to do?
We think he's lost up in your Zoo.
They'll 'phone Commissioner Mulrooney
And sob, He always was a looney;
He's climbed the tip of the Chrysler tower
And been dunked off by an April shower;
They'll muddle through with high finesse.
They'll telegraph your old Aunt Bess,
And scare the living daylights out of
Uncle Henry who almost mought of
Died a year ago this season—
And would, b'gosh, 'cept for the reason
He perked up spry'n peart'n hearty
Celebrating the wedding party
Of his only daughter just turned twenty
(They fed him good and fed him plenty)
They'll act just like a flock of babies—
Cry Amnesia! Murder! Rabies!
And never, never think to look
Inside the Station behind a book.
Where all the time you're sitting tight
In a big free hall under a big free light
On a polished bench, with a magazine—
True Love, Hot Stuff, The Jittery Screen,
Or *Vital Statistics* or *Time* or *The Nation*—
Having yourself a swell old time at Grand Central Station.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Barbara Wood and Pearl Hamilton are spending Thanksgiving week with Barbara's family in Santa Paula.

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Fred Mylar, acting assistant postmaster, and John Wood, postal clerk, are on vacation this week.

When a child is found to be infected with tuberculosis, a search should be made to uncover the source of his infection. Christmas Seals pay for surveys of school children which lead to the discovery of many active cases, previously unknown.

Wessels Talks To Group On Art Centers

Glenn Wessels, supervisor of Federal Art Projects in the East Bay region, artist, teacher, art critic for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, spoke before a group of artists and members of the American Association of University Women last week. Wessels showed a lot of pictures and he talked a bit here and there about the Federal Art Project and the old PWA and the WPA and then he bore heavily on a subject that he was interested in and wanted the group present to be interested in and do something about.

The group there that night was interested and it sat up and took notice and it seems like a good idea to pass on the "something" to you. Wessels was talking about Art Centers. Art Centers are being established all over the country in art-hungry sections and in sections where it is hard to get exhibits from the outside (the Peninsula comes in that category easily). Local sponsors contribute money for rent of a suitable space (room for hanging pictures and for art lessons) and for physical equipment. An artist-teacher is provided by the Federal Art Project, salary paid and exhibits of prints and paintings are routed to the show rooms from all parts of the country at government expense. The Art Centers are particularly valuable in communities where there are more artists than there are buyers for the artist's products. In other words the educational side aims toward creating a market.

Print Library for Carmel

The other thing which Wessels spoke of that caused excitement (and action has already been taken by the A.A.U.W. on the matter) is the "print lending library." One of these libraries was promised to Carmel but the demand in other sections was so great that Carmel has not received her folio. Prints, lithographs and watercolors are circulated through the public library (your card entitles you to one print for a month). In Berkeley, where the experiment was first tried out, the prints had a ten-time greater circulation, in proportion, than the fiction on the shelves. The A.A.U.W. secretary has written a letter to Joseph Allan, Northern California Supervisor of the Federal Art Project, 449 Fourth street, San Francisco, asking if Carmel might have the print library promised us. If you are interested you might also drop him a line to show him that Carmel and the Peninsula really wants this feature. The Federal Project is not forcing its advantages on any community because it has hundreds of calls for all the material that the artists can produce.

Raw Berkeley and burnt Oakland

Wessels told an amusing story to illustrate the beginning of one of the features of the Federal Art Project research department. Some years ago Wessels and a friend were walking through Italy. One particularly warm day the friend seemed purposely to be kicking up a lot of dust and making the trip a bit uncomfortable. Wessels asked him why and received the answer, "I just can't get over the fact that we are walking through *raw Sienna*." The two stopped on the spot and picked up some of the soil and later examined it to find out the chemical content. Iron oxides are not common to Sienna but artists have been paying duty on Italian dirt for a long time. When Wessels came to the problem of getting artist's material for the Federal Project in Oakland he sent a group of workers into the hills of Berkeley, Oakland and Mills College and they came back with raw *Berkeley*, raw *Oakland* and raw *Mills College*. Then, in the shop they sifted and burned the soil and got burnt *Berkeley*, burnt *Oakland* and burnt *Mills College*. So far, they have worked out a series of more than a dozen different colors just from the soil near at hand. Of course they worked with the advantage of the knowledge of all the research that it took the European color masters thousands of years to do. A complete file of all data from this work becomes the property of American artists and an outstanding achievement for American industry.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About Eating and Eaters

Comes Thanksgiving again and the annual controversy on the subject of soup for dinner. The S.M.M. insists that in his childhood the feast always got under way with a first course of soup. It makes no difference that his mother, who prepared those Thanksgiving dinners of his youth, and his sister, who partook of them, both firmly deny that such was the case. Without entering into the lists on either side I plan the family feast *sans* soup, convinced but not broadcasting my conviction that the S.M.M. would be outraged if he were actually expected to take the edge off his turkey-appetite by anything more substantial than a fruit cocktail. Because the S.M.M. remains true to the traditions of his childhood and takes his turkey seriously he is vehemently opposed to the eating of turkey at any time of the year except Thanksgiving and Christmas!

This matter of tradition is interesting. At such long-established customs as the celebration of Thanksgiving it shows up with particular clearness. The menu remembered so vividly from one's childhood is the one menu that seems right and fitting for this annual orgy. Unfortunately, the two heads of any family have practically never sat at the same loaded board through their youth—which means each cherishes a different pattern for the composition of this all-important meal. The S.M.M. belongs to the school of culinary thought which considers no Thanksgiving dinner perfect without both mince and pumpkin pies for dessert, while I was brought up on the plum-(suet)-pudding theory. We had our mince pie for breakfast Thanksgiving morning even though we never had any other kind of pie for breakfast as all New England families are popularly but erroneously supposed to do. And—also for breakfast—the turkey liver fried in butter. Nowadays, owing to the curious aversion of the rest of the family for liver in any form, I have undisputed claim to the whole of this delectable treat. In the matter of dessert I yield to superior numbers and we serve the two traditional pies, but the thought of that delicious turkey liver all my own keeps me from feeling too smug about my virtue in compromising on the dessert!

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As I began to reflect upon what all must be done before that Thanksgiving dinner is ready for consumption, and all done by one pair of hands belonging to one still-amateur cook, I was at first inclined to dwell with a twinge of envy upon the beautifully carefree days of childhood. Those years when all we had to do was walk into the dining room and sit down to Thanksgiving feasts of a glorious perfection never afterwards experienced in adult life!

But, on second thoughts, no—! Thinking back a little more carefully I recall that as a matter of fact we worked, and worked hard, in the preparation of that grand holiday. There were many things we had to do. We had to visit the busy kitchen at frequent intervals to watch the mincemeat simmering in its huge kettle, to sniff its rich fruity odor, and to be on hand at the exact moment when those utterly indescribably delicious bits of lemon peel were just soft enough to be right to pick out and eat. We had to be on hand also to watch the complicated process of the turkey being prepared for stuffing, see the little pinfeathers pulled out in the final grooming, and poke a finger at the clean skin covering the plump breast. We had to watch the fascinating business of cramming the stuffing in and the skilful sewing up of the cavities. Oh yes, we were terribly busy. But that wasn't the half of it! For days before the big event we spent every spare moment writing "Thanksgiving Notes," a custom just as integral a part of the day's ritual as the roast bird himself. Long-suffering teachers allowed us to have a post office box in school rooms and there was intense rivalry in the matter of how many notes you could write and receive. Each note was labeled with definite instructions about when it was to be read: "Open when you take your first spoonful of cranberry sauce"—"Open when you get the first whiff of roast turkey"—"Open when you can't eat any more"—and so on. The conventional form inside ran something like this: "I hope you will have a lovely Thanksgiving and eat a lot of turkey, stuffing, potatoes, gravy . ." and so on, through every detail of whatever dishes anyone might expect to have, and a lot more no one could reasonably look forward to. Some notes were very elaborate, with sketches of the various articles of food, or cut-out pictures pasted into place. Oh yes, we worked hard getting ready for Thanksgiving, and as a final effort, on the day itself we went virtuously off for a good long walk, returning just before dinner with a big appetite successfully worked up!

+

If any of your family has a prejudice against carrots and spinach, offer him *Havooj* and *Uspanak*. Carrots and spinach, unfortunately, don't *look* like the Turkish words for them or you might get by with the substitution!

I never realized what a fascinating language Turkish is—as a matter of fact, I guess I never realized *anything* about it—until there came into my possession an utterly delightful little volume in a plain blue paper cover, on the title page of which stands the following: "A POCKET-GUIDE of Conversation in the ENGLISH AND TURKISH LANGUAGE entirely expressed by English letters, containing a copious Dictionary of familiar terms, 20 Elementary phrases and 22 Conversations. With an Appendix where English Money and Measures are Reciprocally Compared with Turkish Ones. Pera. At Constantinople Printend by A. Domenichini 1856."

Mr. A. Domenichini did a noble job in spite of obvious struggles occasioned by the twin difficulties of typesetting and the inconsistencies of the English language. The Turkish equivalents are all phonetically spelled in our alphabet which makes most of the words look as if they ought to be read backwards. Prefacing the table of letter sounds Mr. Domenichini ends with this little tribute to the strength of character of the Turkish alphabet: "Every letter and diphtong in Turkish words, firmly keeps in any place the sound given to it in the following table; so there is neither any silent letter, nor a change of pronuntiation according the local respect of a letter or a diphtong whatever."

The vocabulary is arranged according to subject matter. Under "The Earth," for instance, the list begins, regardless of alphabetical order and sometimes, we must admit, regardless of spelling, with "Iseland" and "Volcano." It includes *Foot (of a mount)* and *Top (of a mount)* as well as *Ploughed land* and *Ston;* while the list of 34 words ends, appropriately enough, in *Dust*.

But perhaps I should confine myself to words related to this column. Aha, now we have something that begins to look at least like a distant connection; *The Organs of Vegetables*. Just which "organ" Mr. Domenichini means by "A little bunch," which is *chungul*, maybe you know, but it appears to have no lingual relation to just "bunch." which is *salkum*. Well, if the Turkish words look funny to us, probably Mr. Domenichini found our English ones just as silly. At any rate, there are some even in the English list I fail to recognize; such as *gith, cumin* (Chaucer?), *senvy, sorb apple* and *madapple!*

Bread in Turkish is pronounced *aikmaik*, which might be more appropriate to certain cakes and pies. It would be easy to get meat in Turkey with only a three-letter word to remember; just ask for *ait*. But if you want ham it's not so simple because that calls for *dawmooz pasturnasu!* Flour, milk and water are *oon, sewd* and *soo* respectively, all nice easy words surely. The Y.M. thinks the word for thirsty is very funny and likes to say: "I am very *sousamush*, please give me some *soo*." He also derisively addresses his paternal parent as *baba*, which he discovered was Turkish for father.

If you want to know any more Turkish words you'll have to go to Steve Patterson because that's his native tongue and I have made over my entire Turkish library to him.

—CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

Carmel Exceeds Its Red Cross Roll Quota

Ahead of schedule the Red Cross campaign for the Carmel district went over the top at noon Tuesday. At that time the goal of $3850 was passed, announced C. W. Lee, director for the Roll Call. Contributions will be received during the balance of the week as there are still several districts that have not made their full report.

It is believed that the $4000 mark will be reached before the returns are all in. More than 700 members have already been enrolled and the goal of 800 should be reached by the end of the week. Carmel citizens have been most responsive to the appeal this year and the chapter is assured of sufficient funds to carry on the program of relief for the undernourished, the aged and those needing a new start in life.

Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, general chairman, and Miss Florence Curtin, chairman of the district organization, have spent long hours in directing the field workers and in keeping up their morale during the two weeks of intensive effort.

Notices have been mailed this week to members of the governing board for the annual meeting of Carmel Chapter. At this meeting election of directors for the three-year term will be held, reports of active department chairmen received and a new year of activity inaugurated.

The meeting to which all Red Cross members are invited will be held at All Saints' Church at 3:30 p.m., Wednesday, December 1.

+ + +

Mrs. W. H. Winslow, mother of Paul Winslow, and her sister, Mrs. J. R. Schultz, have just arrived from the east to spend their sixth winter in Carmel.

"Peer Gynt" Big McGaw-Knox Success

The charm and lightness and the depth and satire of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" was carried out by Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw in their reading of the play at the Filmarte last Saturday night. Music from Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite* and a beautifully-arranged outdoor setting by George Seideneck and Laura Dierssen added to the fine performance of this versatile young couple. Top orchids go to Emma Knox for her reading of four different parts in the play: the mother, *Asa*; the *Troll King's* daughter; *Ingrid*, the young village girl whom *Peer* betrays, and *Silvig*, the pure and sweet girl who loves *Peer* and waits for him until she is old and blind. Miss Knox had magic in her voice in the reading of the death scene of *Peer's* mother, and McGaw did an excellent piece of work as the idealistic, short-sighted *Peer*. The character of *Peer* was particularly suited to McGaw who has a flamboyant, exuberant manner in moving about the stage and in reading his lines.

It did not take much urging from the two play-readers to make me relax into the enjoyment of this fantasy. The evening was one of delightful entertainment.

In last week's issue of THE CYMBAL we announced that the next reading of the series would be "George and Margaret." With great pleasure we retract this statement and announce that the next attraction to be offered will be Maxwell Anderson's "Star Wagon" which is starring Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish in the present Broadway production. The date will be Saturday, December 11.

Some confusion has arisen concerning tickets. There are single admissions at $1.10 as well as the season subscription of $5 for six admissions. It is not necessary to subscribe to the whole series in order to attend the readings. —V. C. S.

+ + +

SPUD GREY QUITS W.U. FOR RANCH CLUB

Spud Grey has deserted *Oscar* and the boys in drab at the Western Union office and is now a super-efficient servant of the Mission Ranch Club. Spud does things with a manner all his own and his job at the club is to do things, from showing the gals how to handle a badminton court with respect, mixing a drink for them as wants 'em, sitting in as a fourth at bridge and anything else you might have in mind.

+ + +

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On Sale at Thoburns, Telephone Carmel 62, or Call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Telephone Carmel 22

Story v photo
mp. 3

Bondshu Brings Orchestra To Del Monte

Neil Bondshu and his ten-piece orchestra will open in the Bali Room of the Hotel Del Monte Friday evening for a six weeks' engagement.

The band will replace that of Freddie Nagel, which opened Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco.

Bondshu's aggregation is well known in the San Francisco Bay area, having played at several night clubs in the region, and more recently at the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley. The group also has been a favorite with University of California students for the past year.

+ + +

White Caps On Radio Waves

KGO—Today from 1 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. Symphony.

KGO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. New NBC Symphony Orchestra. Pierre Monteux, conducting.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Music Hall. Sibelius series.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting discussion on timely topics.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli, conducting.

~~KHUB—Sunday afternoon at 2:30~~ Symphony.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Concert Company Hour.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Columbia Workshop. Excellent dramatic program.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6 to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra.

+ + +

A linoleum block Christmas card, by BEN SCHAFER, will go this year to the delighted recipient of your Gift Subscription of THE CYMBAL for 1938. ONE DOLLAR anywhere in these United States or its far-flung empire. Two dollars to any distant land.

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Personalities & Personals

Betty Bryant was hostess to a group of friends at a cocktail party Sunday afternoon. Members of the cast of the First Theater play, "The 49ers," were invited as well as others interested in the theater.

+

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant of San Francisco have taken the Crocker Villa for six months. Their daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Selby McCreary, are staying at the Lodge for the week.

+

Edmund Lowe spent several days at the Lodge this week and left for Hollywood Tuesday.

+

If you think the society editor of this paper can tell you who was at Del Monte Big Game night you're coocoo. There were 1300 people there, the largest crowd they have had since the hotel opened. All we know about them is that they were all 52nd cousins of ours (yours and mine) and they seemed to be having a good time.

+

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Moore, who have been staying at the Jarvis house in Pebble Beach, have left for Tahoe where they will spend the holidays. The Moores will leave on a world cruise the first of the year.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow will be enjoying a Hawaiian Christmas this year with breadfruit and papaia and coco palms instead of fir trees and holly for atmosphere. The Winslows will sail on the *Lurline* Friday, December 10, and expect ~~to be back around the first of the~~ year.

+

Herold Brown has returned from a week's visit in San Francisco to be on hand as master of ceremonies at Forest Lodge for the holidays. Brown is also doing some painting these days and has one of the topside studios above Tilly Polak's via Sybil Anikeyev's front steps.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee will soon be back in their Pebble Beach home for the rest of the winter, arriving from New York around the first of December.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John Evans and their family have moved into the Dick Masten house at The Highlands.

+

The Reginald Sinclairs are expected at the Lodge December first. The couple leave their Colorado ranch each year to spend several months with the polo crowd on the Peninsula.

+

Mrs. Josephine Baber is leaving Carmel the first of next month to be gone a year. She will spend the rest of the winter in Los Angeles where her daughter, Lucile Keister, is living and will go on to El Paso, Texas, her old home, for the spring and summer.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Wick Parsons are finally going to stop this running back and forth from their shops in Fresno and Carmel and will come here to live permanently. Parsons will be associated with Claribel Zuck and Mrs. Parsons will preside over the antiques in their shop on Lincoln street.

+

Gladys Marion Cheesebrough, 35, died in San Jose November 10 following a brief illness. Miss Cheesebrough had a home in the Country Club area and had dog kennels in Carmel Valley. Funeral services were held last week in Great Neck, New York. She was the daughter of Bertha B. Cheesebrough and sister of Mrs. Palmer K. Leberman, both of the East.

+

Laura Dierssen and her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman, of San Francisco, were hostesses to a group of friends at an after-theater party at Forest Lodge last Saturday night in honor of Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox.

+

John and Mitzi are starting a mystery serial over KDON next Tuesday night from 7 to 7:15. The play is a dramatization of "Midnight Madness" and is a haircurler. It will go on every Tuesday night so hide the smallest in the clothespress and gather around the dial.

+ + +

CELLOPHANE ENCOMPASSED LADY STARTLES GENTRY

The startled, open-mouthed awe of a couple of men up by the Carmel Garage was something to watch last Monday when a woman stepped out of her car in one of those new transparent cellophane rain coats and hoods. The coat and hood were a good bright green and the general impression was of a sea witch or mermaid a bit out of her element. Big Game goers report that there was less smoking than ever in the stadium last Saturday. Every other person there had either a cellophane raincoat or umbrella.

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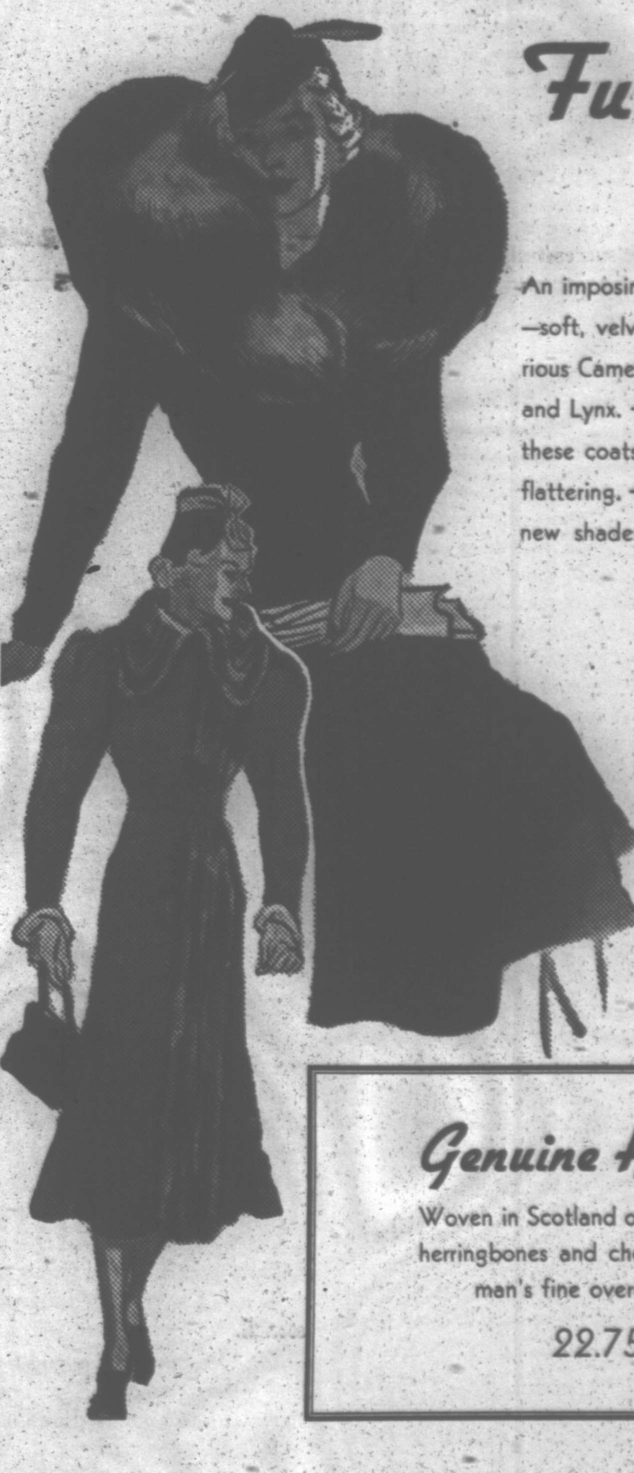

Fur Trimmed Coats

An imposing array of the season's newest designs—soft, velvety Swansdown, shaggy Tweeds, luxurious Camel's Hair—trims in Wolf, Beaver, Badger and Lynx. + Expert tailoring in fine fabrics makes these coats practical and long-wearing as well as flattering. + Raglan and set-in sleeves. All the rich new shades . . . that are so extremely flattering.

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Model at top: A luscious fox collar tops this silky smooth Camel's Hair.
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Model below: Collar, full-length trim of Squirrel on gorgeous Swansdown.
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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Last week was to have been a home-coming week, but the home-coming happened in Watsonville.

On Monday morning I was working as usual at a typewriter when a gentleman named John Hall who has published a Santa Cruz weekly for years, walked in and hired me away from my erstwhile boss.

At last I had arrived! Always I had waited for that moment when I could tell my boss that I was going to work for someone else.

Once before I had had a minor victory, at the time in view of the darkness of the depression, a glorious moment, when I told a managing editor I was resigning. He blinked in disbelief and shouted "What?"

"Resigning," I repeated in my until then supreme moment.

Returning to Hall, he's a real publisher, like our W.K.B., a lead-slinging, authority-razzing, sting-in-the-bee publisher, and one who is not afraid of being called by his first name or of the smudge of type.

With Hall we're pioneering in Watsonville, where on Tuesday of last week we brought forth Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Watsonville *Morning Sun*.

After a few trials, we got used to announcing that name over the telephone, although our society editor keeps on asking us "What's the name of this paper anyway?" each time she raises the telephone receiver.

But our long planned home-coming was a dismal failure. In four hours the dear lady folded the tent and we stuffed it into a groaning President Eight, added a couple of little Arabs and silently stole away.

Not that we failed to pay our rent. And all the rest of the bills including that one the collectors have been trying to nab for the milk gentleman since last May.

Now we are stranded, somewhat like Noah, but in a reverse sense, between Watsonville, where we work, and Carmel, where we sleep between times, and various places like Hecker Pass, halfway over to Gilroy, and a modest burg yclept Freedom, where we are doing some house hunting.

Unlike Carmel and our recent city of residence, Santa Cruz, Watsonville boasts good rentals in the winter. Alas, for the pocketbook!

Well, we've been looking into the politics here in Watsonville and discover there are eight aldermen in this town. Whenever there is a surplus of city fathers or policemen, there is something worth while, I mean for the councilmen or policemen. And if it isn't there in the first place, it's not long in developing—somehow .

What I mean is, this place is a thriving burg, a lively burg, except that murders and suicides after Santa Cruz seem singularly scarce in this workaday region.

The day I write I had a chamber of commerce official wave a hand across a beautiful picture of mountain, rolling and level fields, sand dunes and sea, and say:

"This place is bound to develop soon. In ten years it will all be built up. It's bound to go ahead."

And again I thought the old thought, that men like me would eventually have to trek north, because I don't like crowds. Southern California, with its soft weather, would be fine, but it's overstuffed.

Here we still have a little room to stretch in, Glory be! When the Chambers of Commerce have done their worst, there'll still be a few vast miles somewhere in the tundra where a future race will develop like the Lapps, sons and grandsons of men who couldn't stand the madding crowd.

Somehow I think our mass energy is slowing down at a rate which will take care of much of the present expansion and our borders of living will contract again, so that the land, now dotted with "homes in the country," will return to the wild, sheep and goats will graze where golf balls are now flying, the elk will return to Pebble Beach from Fleishhacker Zoo, and my spirit, poor thing, will be happy again playing like Puck about the rocks at Point Lobos, no longer a park, but a part of a lonely, forgotten coast.

Lady, turn over the page, I'm getting more boring than I thought.

+ + +

CARS AT NORMANDY INN SHOW HOW FAR-FLUNG IS OUR APPEAL

We happened to notice six cars parked in front of Normandy Inn, on the Ocean avenue side, we mean, last week about the noon hour. Their occupants were on the Normandy patio having luncheon. The cars, respectively, bore the following license plates:

British Columbia, Quebec, Montana, Maine, Pennsylvania and Hawaii. Looking at that with a geographical eye one is impressed. If you consider the United States of America and her official territories, you will observe that you can't get two places within their boundaries farther apart than Maine and Hawaii. Looking at Canada, you will perceive that there's quite a lot of territory between British Columbia and Quebec. Montana pushes itself in at a certain midway point in continental U.S. We don't know what to do about Pennsylvania, but what does one do about Pennsylvania? We hope they enjoyed their lunch.

+ + +

HERE'S A LITTLE RUN-AROUND FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC

If you really want to make a week-end of the kind of fare the West Coast culture-craver yearns for, try this one in easy stages. Saturday night, December 4, in Carmel the Music Society opens its season with Rudolph Serkin. Rest, think it over and listen to the New York Philharmonic over the radio on Sunday. Monday, December 6, walk or thumb your way to San Jose where the second attraction of the Denny-Watrous Winter Series is the Jooss Ballet. (You can get tickets at Lial's in Monterey.) Then trot on up to San Francisco, unless there is some strange attraction to hold you in San Jose, and hold your breath until Wednesday, December 8, when Walter Gieseking plays the piano.

You think the above route is silly? Well, there are several Carmel and Peninsula people who will be seen in all three audiences.

+ + +

Molly Gibbons is up and out these days after an illness of several months.

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Another Instance of Carmel Post Office Inefficiency and a Story of How It Is Done in Other Places

Speaking of the post office and its inefficiency—and we were, you know—we receive this week a short communication from Major Ralph A. Coote. It's rather a different communication from one received from another member of his family not long ago. This one puts us on the rack. It points out post office efficiency. It reads:

"Now what on earth is all this P.O. fuss about? It is more than up-to-date; in fact, it has gone Einstein or something relative of that sort . . . It has overcome time completely. I got a letter out of my box at 4:01 p.m. which, according to my Carmel postmark, didn't arrive until 6 p.m. that day."

Nobody loses by that one, so we'll skip it.

But we have one or two to pass on out of the various and sundry complaints we have had deposited with us during the past week.

For example: Miss Ann McAlpine, possessing Box 845, brought an envelope in to us and we have it lying beside us on the desk. It is addressed to her, "Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif." quite definitely and legibly, and down in the lower left-hand corner is "Box 845." It is airmail matter, too, possessing the correct number of stamps and twice-stamped "Via Air Mail" with a rubber stamp.

But, and here's the rub, there has been written diagonally across the envelope in pen-and-ink the words: "Opened by mistake. Sorry."

Which indicates, among other things, that Miss McAlpine probably received it the day after it arrived, because, undoubtedly,

It was placed inefficiently in the box of the person who opened it by mistake—sorry.

But airmail means no more than ordinary mail when it comes to putting mail in wrong boxes at the Carmel post office.

And Miss McAlpine tells us this is the second time this has happened recently.

Now, here's a case of relative efficiency as practiced by post offices. We told you a few weeks ago we would relate this to you. It's about our own little business. It comes in direct and surprising contrast to that instance recently when we found nine CYMBALS, subscribers' copies, held from Friday until the following Monday afternoon before we were notified of address changes.

So, look what can be done in some place where efficiency is something other than a mere word, an obsolete one, perhaps:

On September 26 of this year we received from H. F. Kenney, 108½ Lower Terrace, San Francisco, a letter complaining that he had received no CYMBAL although he had subscribed to it two weeks previous.

On September 27 we wrote Mr. Kenney that it was our fault. The address stencil read: "Power" instead of "Lower." We changed the stencil.

On October 5 we received a second letter from Mr. Kenney saying that still he was getting no CYMBAL.

We thought perhaps there hadn't been time for him to get his paper after the change of address, but we mailed him a special copy and waited.

Then came another communication from our subscriber. Still no paper.

Thereupon we sat us down and on October 11 we addressed a letter to the San Francisco postmaster, enclosing our correspondence with Mr. Kenney and asking for an investigation.

On October 26 we received the following letter from W. S. Wands, superintendent of mails of the San Francisco post office:

"The Carmel Cymbal,
"P. O. Box 1800,
"Carmel, California.

"Your file dated October 11th, 1937 is returned with the information that a watch kept on the receipt and delivery of THE CYMBAL addressed to H. F. Kenney, 108½ Lower Terrace, San Francisco, shows the issue of October 15th was delivered on the morning of October 16th; the issue of October 22nd was delivered on the morning of October 23rd.

"From this report it is not understood why you received a complaint of any failure to deliver previous copies of this publication.

"Yours very truly,
"William H. McCarthy, Postmaster
"By: W. S. WANDS
"Superintendent of Mails."

You can imagine our delight and flabbergastion. Think of that! We, who had addressed several communications to the postmaster at Carmel and never so much as received a "go to hell" in reply, had to lie back and get our strength before we could gather a typewriter to us and pen a line to the San Francisco post office's superintendent of mails in gratitude. We think we successfully hid our surprise. We had a feeling Mr. Wands wouldn't understand that.

Anyway, now everything is O.K.

Yes, we know. The San Francisco post office has about 100 times the clerical help the Carmel post office has. We also know that San Francisco has about 250 times the mail-receivers to deal with, too.

If you would like to sign our petition, asking the first assistant postmaster general at Washington to investigate what's wrong with the Carmel post office, come into the CYMBAL office, stop us on the street, or telephone and we'll come to you.

We're pretty certain that our petition, signed now by as likely a bunch of important Carmel people as you could imagine, will get some action. And any action at all is bound to be good. Things can't get worse at the Carmel post office—or can they?

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Just in Case... YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance —Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department —Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carme ldistrict outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carel Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME

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MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Shirley Temple and Jean Hersholt in "Heidi." Saturday, Martin and Osa Johnson in "Borneo" and Warner Baxter and Keye Luke in "Charlie Chan on Broadway." Sunday and Monday, Myrna Loy and William Powell in "Double Wedding." Tuesday and Wednesday, Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in "Big City" and Jack Haley and Ann Sothern in "Danger—Love at Work."

WATERCOLOR SHOW

One-man show of Rodeo watercolors by Will Irwin at Marion Meredith Inn, 15 miles out Carmel Valley road. Show open from 1 to 4 all this week and next.

MUSIC

Musical Arts Club presents Winifred Howe, pianist, in a concert tomorrow night at 8:15 at the Golden Bough Green Room, Casanova between Eighth and Ninth. Tickets at Staniford's, Lial's and Abinante's.

Carmel Music Society Winter Series opens December 4 with Rudolph Serkin, pianist. Season tickets (4 concerts) call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22 or 62.

DRAMA

First Theater, Corner of Pacific and Scott streets in Monterey, The Troupers of the Gold Coast present an old-time melodrama "The 49-ers." Friday, Saturday, Sunday, November 26, 27, 28 at 8:30. Tickets at Staniford's, and at Lial's and Palace Drug in Monterey.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel, group readings of Shakespearean plays. Visitors and readers welcome. The play now being read is "Merchant of Venice."

PLAY READINGS

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will give a reading of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" at Filmarte on Saturday, November 20.

FORUM

George Slocombe, speaker. Sunset Auditorium, Thursday, December 9. Open to the public.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

POLO

At Del Monte Polo Fields every Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Open to the public without charge until December 1.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

ADULT EDUCATION

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking, Sunset School lunch room, Wednesdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmical Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Diction, Voice and Effective Reading, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Art Room. Psychology of Everyday Living, Mondays, 7:30 to 9:15 p.m., Third Grade room. Spanish, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Second Grade room. Americanization, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Third and Fourth Grade room downstairs. Classes in bookbinding, Life Drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation and Swimming at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

Tuberculosis is the greatest cause of death between the ages of 15 and 45, the most productive years. Christmas Seals finance much of the work aimed at reducing this death rate.

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There are more than 40,000 cases of active tuberculosis in California, only half of which are known to physicians and health departments. Christmas Seals pay for examinations to discover tuberculosis.

+ + +

SUGGESTION for an appropriate and attractive Christmas gift—Stationery in cabinets printed at CARMEL PRESS. Ask us about sizes and prices. Carmel 77.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Beautiful furnished house for sale—Spanish type, red tile roof, three bedrooms. Floor furnace, fireplace, electric heaters, sewers. Situated on half-acre lot in Carmel Woods a refined, exclusive subdivision. Unobstructed view of the ocean and Point Lobos. Property cost $12,000.00. Just like new. For quick sale, $8,000.00. This is an exceptionally good buy. Easy terms to responsible party. See to appreciate. Phone or call for appointment to see this bargain,

Del Monte Properties Co.
Ocean Avenue near Dolores
Telephone 1200

BUILD A NEW HOME—You select your own plan and arrange for the builder. Select any unsold site in the Mission Tract. We will arrange for financing the entire cost of lot and house. Initia lpayment 20 per cent of total cost, balance monthly. For further information see Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Building on Ocean Avenue. (19)

Only a few lots in Beautiful Carmel Woods at $400.00. Let us show them to you and we can also help you plan and finance a new home with a very small down payment, balance like rent

Del Monte Properties Co.
Ocean Avenue near Dolores
Telephone 1200

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—faces both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (21)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

STUDIO APARTMENT in Carmel Highlands available. Ocean and mountain view. P. O. Box 1882, Carmel, or Tel. Carmel 2R2 (26)

FOR RENT—studio apartment with kitchenette. Downtown location. References exchanged. Address L-18, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (22)

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

Miscellaneous FOR SALE

HOMEMADE fudge and panocha, cookies, cakes and plum puddings. Jane's Cake Shop and English Tea Room. Dolores opposite Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

FOR SALE—Used grand piano in very good condition. Price, $250. Post office box 1856.

JOBS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

EUROPEAN MASSAGE. Packs for colds. IDA HANKE. Telephone, Carmel 832. (tf)

The Cymbal is a Good Souvenir of Carmel To Send Away

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, will be held at All Saints' Church in Carmel, Wednesday, December 1, 1937, at 3:30 p.m.

At this meeting the election of members of the Governing Board for the three-year term, expiring in 1941, will be held; amendments to the Constitution and By Laws will be submitted for ratification, and reports of the various committee chairmen received.

All members of Carmel Chapter are entitled to vote at this meeting.

Mrs. Rosemary Dickinson, Secretary
Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross
Dated November 23, 1937.

Menu at Sunset Next Week

November 29 to December 3

Monday—A.B.C. soup, candle salad, tomato stew, diced beets, ice cream.

Tuesday—Cream of tomato soup, molded fruit salad, baked hash, string beans, jello.

Wednesday — Vegetable soup, blushing pear salad, cheese souffle, carrots, ice cream.

Thursday—Split pea soup, carrot salad, Italian Delight, spinach, cream puffs.

Friday—Cream of carrot soup, peach salad, escalloped potatoes, corn, ice cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

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A linoleum block Christmas card, by BEN SCHAFER, will go this year to the delighted recipient of your Gift Subscription of THE CYMBAL for 1938. ONE DOLLAR anywhere in these United States or its far-flung empire. Two dollars to any distant land.

Carmel Players Have Fine Plan For Future

At a meeting of the newly-elected board of directors of the new theater group at Normandy Inn Monday afternoon plans for the organization of the Carmel Players and their methods of procedure were perfected.

Frank Townsend was elected permanent chairman of the group, Ted Leidig, secretary, and Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, treasurer. Henry F. Dickinson was chosen an additional member of the board of directors which consists of the officers and Willard Wheeler, Eugene A. H. Watson, Byington Ford, Ross Miller, Thelma Miller, Mary Marble Henderson and Charles Van Riper.

The executive committee is composed of Mrs. MacAdam, chairman, Willard Wheeler and Eugene Watson.

The production committee is Byington Ford, chairman, Ross and Thelma Miller, Mary Henderson, Charles Van Riper, Henry Dickinson and Ted Leidig.

The constitution committee, named to revise and amend the present draft of a constitution, is Charles Van Riper, By Ford and Ross Miller.

It is planned that a series of five plays be given, probably one each month, and that the production of these five plays shall be assured through a definite financial arrangement. At the close of this series the situation will come up for review, as it were, and the records studied If re-organization is deemed necessary this step will be taken, otherwise the Players will continue under their existing plans.

To cover the overhead expenses of the first five plays, it is hoped to sell 55 "trustee shares" at $25 each. These shares will be placed in a box each month and from them 11 will be picked at random "sight unseen." The names on these shares will be those whose $275 will be used for overhead expenses and whatever saving or profit is made from the play will be repaid to them up to the amount of each share, $25. It is natural that in this manner the organization will get 11 most interested workers toward the success of each play.

Trustees who will have charge of the Trustee Share plan are Mrs. MacAdam, Van Riper and Wheeler. The finance committee which will endeavor to sell the trustee shares consists of B. Franklin Dixon, Willard Wheeler, Mrs. MacAdam and Virginia Stanton.

To cover the actual cost of each play seats will be sold at 50 cents on the first come, first served basis, but any who might desire their seats reserved may do so by paying an additional 25 cents.

It is estimated that each play, counting royalties, etc., will cost in the neighborhood of $400, including overhead.

Memberships in the Carmel Players will be sold at $1 each.

In and Out . . . of CARMEL SHOPS

TILLY POLAK'S Balcony Room is extraordinarily festive these days with all the requirements for informal entertaining as well as the most sumptuous banquets. A refectory table is set with thumb print glasses, compotes and plates of silver and cellophane doilies; nearby is a delightful arrangement of soft yellow Provencal pottery on a linen hand-blocked in green; an oval mahogany table is set with very smart, very modern doilies and napkins, rough white linen with a broad band of dark blue on one side of each napkin and doily. The china used for this setting is Copenhagen, pale yellow, decorated with a bouquet of flowers in deeper yellow, blue, a touch of terra-cotta. For black coffee there are some charming little cups and saucers looking as if they had come from bygone days; their old rose, gold and brown are perfect accents for the brass tray that holds them. Tilly Polak would be glad to have the Carmel people come and see these arrangements.

I WENT ON A TOUR of inspection—in the Carmel Dairy the other day and the much-traveled owner thought I should travel, too, so he took me out to the ice cream room to see all the cans of that concoction he had on hand, and told me they had 15 varieties. He even gave me a dish of Rocky Roads (I certainly like my job) which I had never eaten before, and I give you my word, it was something to smack one's lips over, not to mention telling your friends about. It's interesting to try some of the more unusual kinds now and then, such as Peppermint Stick, Swiss chocolate and Raspberry Sherbet.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—I'm going to tip you off good and early that if you want to make yourself very popular in this town, you'll stock up on some of the delightful imported toys that Mrs. Vanderlip has in the Jack and Jill in the Seven Arts Court. I bet you haven't any dolls as amusing and lovely as those French Period Musical ones that play tunes like "Little Bo Peep." How a little girl would love to take one to bed with her. And have you seen those plush animals and the clowns? They would please even a grown-up. I'd hate to sell them if it were my shop. There are other things that mothers would bless you for if you left some on Christmas morning—for instance, the hand-made lamps, the pure flannel bath robes and chenille robes for the very tiny tot and the gay hand-made frocks, just the kind to wear to a Christmas party. You know, Santa, you had better shop early if you want the pick of things, for they are going fast.

HOW'S YOUR FORGETTER?—We don't want you to be disappointed, so in case your Forgetter works overtime we are reminding you once more that The Carmel Press has a grand stock of stationery cabinets, with many colors from which to choose, and they do printing that they are too modest to brag about, but I don't mind doing so, in the least. It's just the last word. It's the time to be planning those Christmas cards and there's no more appreciated gift than a box of fine writing paper. —M. R. S.

Spraying...

and

TERMITE
CONTROL

Plantsmiths

P. O. Box 1093 , Carmel 617

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Street scene:—

Domino Yates looking over Miscan Fraser's Dutch door and hinting broadly at an invitation to lunch . . . *Patty* Henderson sitting up prettily and offering her paw as she is being introduced to Don Blanding . . . *Pal* sitting hopefully out in front of the meat market . . . *Buddy* Kelsey very busy hunting Ivan . . . *Gyp* Miller dashing madly up the street in pursuit of his mistress . . . *Bingo* Cobbe sunning himself in front of La Ribera . . . black *Baby* lumbering along after a group of children . . . *Bunty* Howe talking it over with a bunch of the boys on the corner . . . *Harlequin* Sampson wistfully watching them from the window of his mistress' car . . . *Geni* and *Diane* Carter waiting with infinite patience for Elaine to come out of the Post Office . . . that indefatigable gadabout, *Snoomer*, gadding about with an itinerant visitor . . . *Teddy* Jordan going to get the mail . . . *Judy* Vanderlip giving an open-air concert in front of the Library.

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Ranger was a bit worried because he lived near Twelfth and Dolores, the vicinity of the recent dog poisonings. He was talking it over with a friend of his who is a cowboy. The cowboy told *Ranger* that it is often necessary to put strychnine out on the range to kill pests, and that to protect his dogs he put a simple strap muzzle on them when they went out so that they could drink but couldn't pick up the bits of poisoned meat. *Ranger* thought this was an excellent plan and had his mistress buy him a strap muzzle to wear when he went out for his prowl. He wants to pass the suggestion on to his little neighbors as long as there is still such a dreadful menace in the neighborhood.

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Gustav von Hopps, a somewhat lengthy little dachshund, is the latest addition to the household of Mr. and Mrs. George Hopps, III. "*Gussie*" presented quite a dashing figure when he appeared on Ocean avenue the other day sporting a tweed sweater made from one of his master's golf hose. (He has a little too much longitude for the average puppy's sweater.) He gives promise of being quite a fellow if his tail is any indication of his future growth, or rather, length.

Gustav is the son of Mr. and Mrs. *Fritz* Johnson. Mrs. Johnson was the former *Snoonie* Fish.

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Lady Gardenia Hall has been having such a lovely time—she has been on a honeymoon. Not her own, but that of her mistress, Mrs. Nanette Hall; who is now Mrs. Martin. *Lady Gardenia* had never been on a honeymoon before and thought it was all very romantic. In fact, the pretty little Maltese terrier is so enthusiastic about the whole thing that she said the very next honeymoon she went on would be her own. Look out, boys!

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ON A DOG

"Calm though not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;
Pleas'd at the lot that Nature has assigned;
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind;
As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,
Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastiff, no cur despise:
True from the first, and faithful to the end,
I baulk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenour keep
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:
This stealing along life I live 'incog,'
A very plain and downright honest Dog."

WILLIAM HAMILTON

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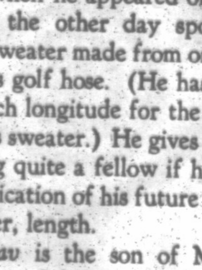
Play Golf!
..on the course overlooking Monterey Bay



PACIFIC GROVE
Municipal Links
Telephone 3456

Liturgical Arts Book Has Note On Carmel

From an article by Maurice Lavanoux, secretary to the Liturgical Arts Society in the organization's quarterly magazine on the table at the Carmel Library, comes the following extract:

"In Monterey I finally became acquainted with the craftsmen who compose the Monterey Guild, and I need only say that all of them should be patronized as much as possible. Under the direction of the inimitable and indefatigable Charlton Fortune these craftsmen have been executing excellent work in wrought iron, brass, wood, fabrics, etc. They are not an 'arty' group, but merely good craftsmen doing good and honest work. I should like to see more of their work in California churches and elsewhere."

On pages 18 and 30 of the magazine are pictures of some of the work done by this group of local artisans. The remodeling done at the Dominican Convent at San Rafael won them second prize in a national competition and the Corpus Christi Church in Piedmont certainly deserves a prize of some sort if it has not already received one.

Lavanoux visited here on the Peninsula several months ago and lectured throughout the country on liturgical art.

You Win!
MR • DONATI
You're going to make my
Suits
from now on!
Why?
Because careful tailoring
is what I want
A • Donati
275 Alvarado Street • Monterey

Place your order now

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Gowns Made To Order.
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OF GETTING THEM ON TIME

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. . . or imprint your name on
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Carmel Press, Inc.

SAN CARLOS & SEVENTH
Telephone 77

There's something about the beauty and design of our printing that particularly lends itself to the spirit of the Christmas season